FIFTY-FOURTH SEASON.

Handel and Haydn Society.

THE WORDS

—OF—

COSTA'S ORATORIO,

NAAMAN,

PERFORMED AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

SUNDAY EVENING, December 26th, 1869.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ELISHA, the Prophet,	By.....Mr. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN.
GEHAZI, his servant,	By.....Mr. EDWARD PRESCOTT.
NAAMAN, the great Assyrian Captain,	By.....Mr. WILLIAM J. WINCH.
TIMNA, Wife of Naaman, and THE WIDOW, and CHILD.	By.....Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS.
ADAH, a captive Jewess maiden,	By.....Miss J. E. HOUSTON.
SHUNAMITE,	By.....Miss LIZZIE M. GATES.

The Chorus of the Society in full numbers, a large and competent Orchestra, and the Great Organ.

J. C. D. PARKER,.....Organist.

CARL ZERRAHN,.....Conductor.

TICKETS, (with Secured Seats,) at $1.00 and $1.50, according to location.

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Oratorio will commence at 7.

Rockwell & Churchill, Prs.

COSTA'S NAAMAN.

ARGUMENT.

The various incidents in this Oratorio are to be found in the 2d, 4th, 5th and 6th chapters of the second book of Kings. It is introduced by the translation of Elijah to heaven, witnessed by Elisha and the Sons of the Prophets; to whom he returns, after dividing Jordan with the prophetic mantle. The Widow's oil is then multiplied. Elisha, having again been hospitably entertained by the Shunamite, in requital, promises her a son. Naaman arrives, crowned with victory, hailed by Timna, his wife, her attendants, and the people. She approaches to embrace him; he forbids her, on account of his bodily affliction having commenced. She urges him to apply to their God Rimmon for healing aid. Hearing this, Adah, the captive Jewess maiden,—jealous for Israel's God—calls upon the Lord to confound all who worship graven images. The entreaties of Rimmon's priests prove unavailing. Naaman, awakening from a dream, relates it to his wife; Adah being present, suggests his application to Elisha, and as an inducement, she relates instances of his miraculous power, and thus prevails on the leper to seek help from the Prophet. The healing of the waters of Jerico by Elisha concludes the first part.

The Shunamite lamenting over her dead child, heart-broken, now flies to the man of God; who, surprised at her loss, sends his servant Gehazi, to lay his staff upon the child. It works no cure. A Sanctus is then heard sung by Angels. Elisha, on finding the child lifeless, reanimates him; the boy then relates to his mother that he had heard the Angels singing in heaven. Naaman, with his family and retinue, arrives at the door of Elisha's home; receives the prophet's message, from Gehazi; disappointed and enraged at his reception, he resolves to return to Syria. Adah deters him by relating the miracle of the dead child restored to life, and implores God, which induces Naaman to bathe in Jordan as Elisha had commanded. His immersions are witnessed by Elisha and the Sons of the Prophets. He bathes six times in the Jordan without relief, but at the seventh, he is instantly restored. On returning to the shore, he first beholds Elisha, and recognizes him to be the man who, in his dream, bade him "go in peace;" thus intimating that God had made Naaman one of his own elect. The Oratorio concludes with the general rejoicings thereon.

COSTA'S NAAMAN.

PART I.

(By the river Jordan.)

REC. *Elisha.*—Thus saith Elijah:—follow us no further.

CHORUS. *Sons of the Prophets.*—Knowest thou the Lord will take away our master from thy head this day?

Elisha.—I know it: hold your peace. Tarry ye here, I pray.

CHORUS.

See! they descend into the valley!
On Jordan's brink they stand!
Elijah with his mantle smiteth the waters!
Its deeps divide! They stand aside!
The prophets hand in hand,
Pass over on dry land!
They kneel—to heaven in prayer they bow!
Behold! a thick black cloud descendeth now!
It hideth them in night!
That flash and crash of thunder,
Have rent the cloud asunder!
Lo! in a fiery chariot,
With fiery horses driven,
Elijah by a whirlwind
Ascendeth now to heaven!

Elisha.—My Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!

CHORUS.—The mantle of Elijah hath fallen on Elisha!

INVOCATION.

REC. *Elisha.*—O God! thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now I am old and gray, forsake me not till I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come! Where is Elijah's God?

CHORUS.—*Sons of the Prophets.*

See! with the mantle he hath parted Jordan's flood!
He walketh there upon dry land!
And thus returneth hither!
Again the waters gather!
He worketh by the hand of Israel's God!
The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha!

CHO.—Hail! master, hail!
Hail, thou blessed man of God!

REC. *Widow.*—Elisha, Son of Shaphat, aid my prayer! Thy servant, my husband, is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord; and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen.

Elisha.—What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what hast thou in the house?

Widow.—Thine handmaid hath not anything except a pot of oil.

Elisha.—Go, borrow vessels, empty vessels; borrow not a few. And when thou art come in, shut thou the door upon thee and thy sons, and pour out into all those vessels; and thou shalt set aside that which is full.

AIR. *Elisha.*—Arise, O Lord, lift up thine hand; forget not the humble; help and deliver them, O God, and save them from the wicked, because they trust in Thee!

CHORUS.—The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked, but he blesseth the habitation of the just.

REC. *Widow.*—O Man of God; the many vessels borrowed are filled full of oil!

Elisha.—Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt; and live thou and thy children of the rest.

DUET. *Elisha and the Widow.*—I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered thee (me) from all thy (my) fears. This God is our God forever and ever! He will be our guide even unto death!

CHORUS.

When famine over Israel prevail'd; [rain;
And God in wrath withheld the dew and
The Widow's meal and oil, tho' scant, avail'd,
Until the earth brought forth its fruits again.
The Lord regards the humble-minded just;
He hears their cries, he sees their tears of grief;
All who upon his grace and mercy trust,
In want or woe will always find relief.

(In the house of the Shunamite.)

REC. *Elisha.*—Hear me, O Shunamite! Since we once more have tarried here within thy house, again for us hast thou been careful. For all this care what is there to be done for thee? Would'st thou be spoken for unto the King? or, to the Captain of the host?

Shunamite.—Nay, holy man of God; I dwell among mine own people. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage, and am content.

Elisha. What then, Gehazi, can be done for her?

Gehazi. She hath no child, and her husband is old.

Elisha. Ye both, O Shunamite, shall yet embrace a son.

Shunamite.—O man of God, do not deceive me!

Elisha.—Believe me.

TRIO. *Shunamite, Gehazi and Elisha.*

Is anything too hard for God the Lord?
There is nothing too hard for God the Lord.
And I believe (thy) (his prophet's) (my) promise is God's word. The grass doth wither, and the flowers decay; but Lord, thy word shall never pass away!

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

(Damascus.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

With sheathed swords and bows unstrung,
And spears and shields with garlands hung,
Our mighty men of valor come.
Our glorious Captain of the war,
Returneth in his brazen car,
Triumphant to his home.
Our enemies are servants now;
Beneath the slavish yoke they bow,
To Syria's mighty King:
Ben-hadad's darts in heroes' hands,
Whenever Naaman commands,
Are plumed from Victory's wing.

SOLO.—*Timna.*

The many voiced crowd exulting,
Shouted loud my noble hero's name and worth!
Maidens, advance with song and dance,
And welcome him and all with mirth!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Welcome, Syria's defender,
Dread of all her enemies:
Unto thee her daughters render
Praise for thy great victories.

Full Chorus.

Hail! Naaman! thy deeds of Glory,
When thy noble race is run;
Shall reanimate the story
Told by father to the son.

REC. *Timna.*—Come, and on thy bosom press me! Wherefore dost thou shun me?

Speak! turn to me, Naaman, and bless me! *(Aside.)* The hue of health hath left his cheek!

Naaman.—Embrace me not! I must be strange to thee: The gods of Syria's foes have stricken me! the ills I feel, some aid must heal, or soon the curse will grow from bad to worse.

AIR.—*Naaman.*

Invoking death to end my woes
Upon the battle plain;
I ploughed furrows thro' my foes,
Like one that reapeth grain.

My gallant soldiers follow'd me,
All striking deadly blows,
And crying, "Death, or victory,
To us,—or, to our foes!"

With me they sought the thickest mass
Of standing enemies;
Down, down they fell, like swathes of grass
Mow'd never more to rise!

Yet tho' success hath crowned the strife,
In bitterness I cry,
My soul is weary now of life,
Oh! that I here might die!

It made me sad, it gave me pain
To see brave men laid low:
And worse,—dear friends among the slain;
It filled my heart with woe.

SOLO, (*Timna,*) AND CHORUS.

Be comforted! The gods of Syria,
Who gave thee victory over Syria's enemies,
In mercy will arise.
To Rimmon we will offer sacrifice;
To him shall prayer be made,
To grant restoring aid:
Yea, even he who guarded thee in fight,
Entreated, shall display his healing might!

REC. AND AIR.—*Adah.*

Confounded be all they that serve graven images; that boast themselves of idols; that pray unto a god that cannot save!

They shall be turned back, they shall be greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images, that say to molten images, Ye are our gods! For who is God, save the Lord? Or, who is a rock, save our God? Lord! open thou my lips, give strength to me! and my mouth shall show forth thy praise! Sinners shall then be converted unto Thee, and transgressors will I teach thy ways.

CHORUS.—*Priests of Rimmon.*

(In the Temple of Rimmon.)

Mighty Rimmon, thou whose ray
Turneth darkness into day;
Take the Leprosy away,
Of Naaman!
Hear, oh, hear our cries!
Heed, oh, heed our sacrifice!

Rimmon, thou that dost bestow
All the blessings mortals know;
Oh, remove the stroke of woe,
From Naaman.—Hear, &c.

Syria's Rimmon, send relief!
Oh, restore Ben-hadad's chief!
Turn to joy a nation's grief
For Naaman!—Hear, &c.

SCENA AND TRIO.—*Timna, Adah & Naaman.*

(In the house of Naaman.)

Timna.—He is chastened with pain upon his bed; the multitude of his bones with strong pain; Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers!

Adah.—Not so, not so; at length he sleepeth.

Timna.—Pray now unto the Lord your God, for him: our trust in Rimmon's help, alas, is all in vain!

Adah.—Remove thy stroke away from him, O God! He is consumed by the blow of thine hand! O spare him, O God, that he may recover strength before he go hence, and be no more!

Timna.—Behold he dreameth a dream; wherewith his spirit is troubled.

Naaman.—Order ye the buckler and the shield; and draw near to battle! Harness the horses, and get up, ye horsemen; and stand forth with your helmets! Furbish the spears, and put on the brigandines!

Adah.—Lord! make the storm a calm! Say to the waves, be still!

Naaman, (awaking.)—Where is he? where is he? It was a dream! A bald man stood before me, staff in hand, clad in a mantle girt about his loins with a leathern girdle. He spake, and said to me, "Go in peace!" Alas, I wake, and find there is no peace for me! My days are passed; my purposes are broken off; even the thoughts of my heart! I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister! and where is now my hope?

Adah.—O deign to heed thy captive Hebrew maid!
Arise, and seek Elisha's healing aid.
He, in Jehovah's name, made Jordan's tide
Divide, and stand aside!
Its deeps became dry land from shore to shore,
Till he had passed o'er!
To save a widow's sons from bondmen's toil,
He multiplied her oil! The oil unceasing ran,
And never stay'd till all her debts were paid!

Naaman.

Where is the temple of this God of might?

Adah.

It filleth all the earth whereon it stands;
Its roof is studded with the stars of night,
God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

Naaman.—O that I knew where I might find him!

Adah.—Go, acquaint thyself with him,
And be at peace. His prophet in Samaria
Doth know the way to him.
Soon all thy woes shall cease.

Naaman.—If thou know where to find Elisha, guide us there.

TRIO.

Haste! To Samaria let us go,
And in his holy presence stand,
Whose many deeds of wonder shew
He worketh with a Godlike hand.

No mortal can perform such deeds,
Unless his pow'r from God proceeds.
If healed by him, it will proclaim
The Lord his God's Almighty name.

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

(Jericho.)

Behold, O man of God, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeeth, but the water is nought, and the ground is barren.

REC. *Elisha.*—Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things!

AIR. *Elisha.*—The seed shall be prosperous, the vine shall give its fruit, and the ground shall give the increase; and ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied therewith, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt thus wondrously with you.

REC. *Elisha.*—Be thou exalted, Lord, in thy own strength! So will we sing, and praise thy power. Spring up, O well!

CHO. Lo! water gusheth forth from the dry land!

REC. *Elisha.*—Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters. There shall not be from thence, any more dearth, or barren land.

CHO. Praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men. He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs! How great is his goodness, in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind! Honor! Glory! Power, be to God the Lord, proclaimed by all, as by his Prophet's word. Hallelujah!

PART II.

(In the house of the Shunamite.)

REC. AND AIR.—*Shunamite.*

Lord, turn thine eye in mercy on my child!
Behold him panting on my heart for breath!
His cheek, where ruddy health this morning smiled,—
Is pale and cold ere noon! Can this be death?
Look up, my son, if thou art still awake, [voice!
Speak, speak to me! let me but hear thy
Speak to thy mother, for thy father's sake,
One word, one look, will make her heart rejoice!
Cold, breathless, dead! and taken thus away!
Ah me, I dreamt not we so soon should part;
Help,—man's in vain! What shall I do, what say? [heart,
My child, thy death will break thy father's
And mine! God, comfort,— save us from dismay!

REC. *Shunamite.*—Thanks, Heaven! yea, to the man of God at Carmel I will go; and pray his holy aid to heal, or soothe our woe.

CHORUS.

God, who cannot be unjust,
Heedeth all that on him trust;
Them who call on him for aid,
Anguish shall not make afraid.
Trust him then, in life, in death;
He can give thee living breath;
After death, the life now thine,
He can make a life divine.

(Mount Carmel.)

REC. *Elisha.*—Behold, Gehazi; yonder is the Shunamite! Wherefore cometh she today? It is neither new moon,—nor Sabbath.

REC. *Shunamite.*—Oh, holy man of God!

Gehazi.—Let go my master's mantle! Stand back!

Elisha.—Let her alone; her soul is vexed within her; and the Lord hath hid it from me.

Shunamite.—Did I desire a son of my Lord? Did I not say— "do not deceive me"?

Elisha.—Is it not well with the child?

Shunamite.—It is well. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Elisha.—Gird up thy loins, Gehazi; haste, lay my staff on the face of the child!

Shunamite.—Return with me. As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee!

Elisha.—I will return with thee.

AIR.—*Elisha.*

Lament not thus; thy tears are vain,
Death is the lot of all!
Be calm; strive to await thy call
With a resigned and tranquil mind.
Hope, hope will quell thy fear,
And soothe bereaved pain,
And, though it be not here,
Thou shalt behold thy son alive again.

REC. *Gehazi.*—I laid thy staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice nor hearing; the child is not awaked!

Elisha.—Thy heart, Gehazi, is not right, I fear, with God! Give me my staff, remain ye here.

Shunamite.—My son! oh thou no more wilt comfort me! I would to God that I had died for thee!

SANCTUS. *Angels.*

Holy, holy, holy Lord God, God of might!
Creator of the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Light!
Thou wast, thou art, and art to be.
Ancient of days, receive the praise
We give alone to Thee!

Full Chorus.

Hail! everlasting God! we bow before Thee!
The universe is filled with thy glory!

(The house of the Shunamite.)

REC. *Elisha.*—'Tis as Gehazi said: the child is cold and dead!

Hear me, Almighty God of love!
Send me thy Spirit from above;
That I may cheer with hope and life,
This desolated, childless wife.
Though she have lov'd the blessing sent
More than the giver; O, relent!
Thy power impart; that, now in death,
My breath may give him living breath!

The flesh is waxing warm! He breathes! He sighs!
The shades of death now from his eyelids rise!
Come in, O Shunamite; thy grief refrain;
Take up thy son, behold, he lives again!

REC. *Shunamite.*—God be praised! Arise, my son, arise!

The Child.—Weep not, my mother, I no more complain; my sleep and dream have healed all my pain!

AIR.—*The Child.*

I dreamt I was in Heaven,
And heard the Cherubim and Seraphim sing,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord;
Lord God, God of might!"
I could not number all the throng;
Like stars they shone
Around God's throne,
Praising his holy name in song:
"Hail, God of light!"
I tried to join their lofty theme;
But while I strove,
Your voice of love
Awoke me from this heavenly dream
Of pure delight.
If any but your dear sweet voice,
Had called your boy
From heavenly joy,
I think I should not now rejoice,
To wake again.
Weep not, dear mother, weep not, weep not.

CHORUS.

Thanks, grateful thanks, Almighty Lord;
Thou God of love, and every wonder;
Thy servant, by thy holy word,
Hath rent the bonds of death asunder!

Not unto us, but unto thee,
The glory, praise, and honor be,
Forever!

MARCH.

(Before the abode of Elisha.)

REC. *Gehazi.*—Thus saith Elisha, the master whom I serve, to Naaman: "Go, wash in Jordan's tide seven times; and thy flesh shall come again to thee; and thou shalt be clean."

AIR. *Naaman.*

What! meaneth he to mock at me?
I thought he would come out and stand,
And call upon his God, the Lord;
And touch me with his healing hand;
Thus, I should be restored!

What! meaneth he to mock at me?
Our Abana and Pharpar glide
More clear and pure, than any tide
Here, here in Israel!
What healing powers in Jordan flow,
More than our Syrian streams bestow,
That it should thus excel?

What! meaneth he to mock at me!
Fool am I, that thus believ'd
This Prophet's pow'r, to be deceived!
Rather than on it now rely,
I will return again;
Endure my ill and mental pain,
Until at last I die!

REC.—*Adah.*

Obey him; try! and thou shalt know,
That all God's Prophet bade thee do,
Is what to him the Lord hath said.
It is by faith proved in the deed,
From whence thy cleansing shall proceed,
Wrought by the pow'r of God alone,—
The living God, not one of stone!
In faith, then, let him be obey'd;
For he hath pow'r to raise the dead!

Naaman.— To raise the dead!

Adah.— To life from death.

Naaman.— How? by what means?

Adah.— By pray'r to God the Lord.
O heed, obey his word!
God, give; increase his faith!

Naaman.— It shall, it shall be so!
Speed, speed, to Jordan go!

MARCH.

CHORUS.—*Sons of the Prophets.*

(Beside the Jordan.)

Lord God! we now have rear'd this home,
Here, by thy Jordan's tide:
In spirit with thy Prophet come;
With him and us abide.

Elisha.—The Angel of the Lord is ever near,
To guard and bless all whom his name revere.

REC. *Elisha.*—But see! Yonder come Naaman and his band; obedient to our God's command. Lo! on the margin of the sacred tide he kneels; two women praying by his side! He stands now in the stream; while still they pray. Lord! hear and grant in mercy all they say!

CHO.—Lord, hear and grant in mercy, all they say!

PRAYER.—*Adah.*

Maker of every star,
God of immensity!
Although Thou art afar,
Our thoughts are known to Thee!
Great God, this day
Hear, hear us pray!
O heed our heartfelt grief!
Our Naaman heal,
And thus reveal
Thy pow'r to give relief!
O, fill his heart with love,
And faith in Thee alone;
And grant this deed may prove
There are no gods but One!
Thy might display!
O heal him, we pray;
That all may then proclaim,
The wonder done
Was Thine alone,
And thus extol Thy name.

CHO.—*Sons of the Prophets.*

O hear us, Lord, implore,
Thou Naaman wilt restore,
That he false gods may shun,
And bow to thee alone.

REC—*Elisha.*

The seventh time! He rusheth from the river to the shore!
Again he kneels;—not to implore!
Thanks, Lord; he is unclean no more!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

This wondrous deed could but proceed from God the Lord; who spake by his Prophet's word!

QUARTETTO.—*Naaman, Timna, Adah, and Elisha.*

Honor and Glory, Almighty, be thine;
This healing act is merciful, divine!
No other pow'r this wondrous deed accords!
Thou art the God of gods, and Lord of lords!

REC. *Naaman.*—O man of God, I pray thee take a blessing of thy servant.

Elisha.—As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. Go in peace.

Naaman.—'Tis he that stood before me in the dream I dreamt upon my bed! 'tis he that to me said: "Go in peace!" I now know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel!

Elisha.—Revere him; praise his name, and magnify his fame forever more!

Naaman.—Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things! And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!

QUAR.—And blessed be his glorious name forever more; and let the whole world be filled with his glory!

CHORUS.

Great God of gods; may all who stand
Before thy throne, in every land;
Adore, revere, and bless thy name,
And this, thy healing deed, proclaim!
Hallelujah, Amen!

QUINTETTE AND CHO.—Hallelujah, Amen!